difficult to say which of these two stories of Lazarovich is the greater. Both have fine feeling, beauty and originality. Their depth reminds one of Chekhov and their brevity and dramatic sense of Maupassant. A wonderful combination. Of the other stories in this volume "The First Furrow," by Milovan Glisich, and "Hodja Saleek, by Svetozar Corovich, stand out. The former is a very touching little tale of a Serbian woman widowed by war, whose struggles to bring up her children alone are finally crowned when her oldest son secretly plows his first furrow. This volume is the third of the Interpreter's Series of translation from the lesser known literatures.

THIS LITTLE WORLD. By Florence Olmstead. Charles Scribner's Sons.

"THE Drews dated back easily to the days of Oglethorpe on this side of the water. How much further back on the other side nobody ever took the trouble to find out. Oglethorpe and the good ship Ann placed them well enough in the history of Georgia. It is very pleasant to be well placed in history. The young Drews looked out upon life with a poise and an assurance of manner restful in the extreme. They made no claims upon general recognition. They were simply Drews and they lived unobtrusively and securely, surveying the new element that inundated the plain with interest but without fear. The Drews were not of the smart set. There were only two left of the name, two girls, or rather one had been a girl not so long ago."

In these sympathetic words Miss Olmstead introduces her two heroines. It is rare nowadays to find the portrayal of people who have centuries of breeding behind them, and this chronicle of a Georgia town wakening from a long sleep because of its shipyards is restful and pleasing like an oasis in the desert. Beneath their calm exterior both the heroines pulsate with throbbing life, and although no great perils threaten them the reader grows to love them both and to rejoice in the happiness which decorously comes to them.

THE MAN FROM THE WILDS. By Harold Bindloss. Frederick A. Stokes Company.

WHEN an author continually writes and publishes two books a year and when he does that year after year he is certain to meet eventually with difficulties. So in the writing of "The Man From the Wilds" Harold Bindloss has run up against difficulties. In this case they are an unworkable mind and an unimaginative imagination. He has found it hard to mold this story so that it would hold the reader's interest throughout. That is its failing.

"The Man From the Wilds" is the story of a serious minded and determined young man from the Canadian wilds, who is appointed a guardian to the estate of a young Englishwoman, not much younger than himself. When he arrives in England he finds affairs regarding the estate involved and the little money earned by it invested in unprofitable stocks. There is but one way to save the estate from the creditors and that through a copper mine, which is part of the estate. So John, accompanied by Bob Wreay, his cousin, go from England to the Canadian wilds to study the process used in the mines there for separating the metals.

The second part of the story, that of the adventures of the two men in a Canadian mine, might have made up for some of the uninteresting parts. But it does not, although there are some exciting moments. Working in the mine is a rough element that disturbs the better miners and damages machinery. When the disturbers are finally run out of camp conditions improve. John and Bob learn the secret for which they came, but have to open a safe illegally in doing so. They are caught and when they confess what they are after Wheeling, the foreman, tells them that what they came to America for could have been found in any good library at home. John and Bob Wreay start back for England and Wheeling accompanies them. Upon their arrival a small company is formed to develop and operate the mine. In the end success comes to them and love follows close at its heels.

FIRE TONGUE. By Sax Rohmer. Doubleday, Page & Co.

MR. ROHMER'S latest mystery story might easily have been the joint product of Dr. A. Conan Doyle and the late H. Rider Haggard. It shows both ingenuity and imagination, and is written with considerable skill. Paul Harley is a specialist in criminal investigations and he has a sort of sixth sense, which warns him of the approach of danger. When Sir Charles Abingdon appeals to him for aid because of certain mysterious and apparently sinister events Harley's instinct tells him that the situation is serious. He accepts Sir Charles's invitation to dinner, and at the table the host is stricken with a mysterious malady. He struggles to speak. "Fire Tongue," he says. . . . "Nicol Brinn." Then he drops back in his chair dead. There is not much to work on, but Harley feels certain Sir Charles has been murdered and resolves to go to the bottom of the matter, especially when he sees Phyllis, Sir Charles's daughter. Nicol Brinn, Harley discovers, is a wealthy and eccentric American, temporarily living in London. Brinn has a "face like that of a Sioux Indian." Harley visits him in search of a possible clew, and Brinn is plainly perturbed at learning of Sir Charles's words. He met the dead man but twice, he explains. As for "Fire Tongue," Brinn simply refuses to talk. "I'll tell you," he says, "you have opened the gates to hell! . . . I am the most hopelessly puzzled and badly frightened man in London."

Harley develops an interest in Ormuz Kahn, a wealthy Persian banker, who is living at the Savoy and who has been paying Phyllis Abingdon marked attention. Disguising himself as a cordwainer's assistant Harley visits the Persian and studies him as he measures his foot for a pair of shoes. The cruelty with which the Oriental financier treats a blundering manicure girl is significant, and Harley, his suspicions aroused, feels he is hot upon the trail. Still there is really very little that is tangible. Notwithstanding his sixth sense Harley falls into a trap when he overhears Ormuz Kahn's chauffeur reveal the location of his country place, twenty miles outside London. Harley hurries to a garage and sets forth in a racing car. Some hours later Harley's secretary is panic stricken at receiving a telephone message from his master, who says he is in great peril. But before he can reveal his whereabouts there is a crash and the line is disconnected abruptly.

How Phyllis is later lured to the house in the country and how both she and Harley are saved by the wealthy American from the fate which seems certain to overtake them are matters the reader should be permitted to discover unaided. The mystery of the "Fire Tongue" is revealed and the reason for Nicol Brinn's apprehensions becomes apparent. The story is unhackneyed and there are few dull pages. It is one of the best Mr. Rohmer has given us thus far.

THE MYSTERY GIRL. By Carolyn Wells. The J. B. Lippincott Company.

INGENIOUSLY constructed and cleverly written. John Waring, who has been elected president of Corinth College in a small New England community, is found dead at his study table one morning. There is a small, round wound behind his right ear, but no weapon can be found and the study door, and all of the windows, are locked from the inside. Suicide appears impossible and there seems to be no way by which the murderer could have left the room. Waring was engaged to marry Mrs. Emily Bates, a charming widow, but suspicion is not directed toward her. It is different, however, with Anita Austin, the "Mystery Girl." She has come to Corinth, ostensibly as an artist, and Dr. Waring's face had gone white and he had dropped his teacup when he first saw her. It is difficult to explain the finding of $500 and a ruby pin, which belonged to the doctor, in the girl's bureau drawer, and to account for footprints in the snow which led from her boarding house to Waring's study window and then back to the boarding house again. Gordon Lockwood, Dr. Waring's secretary, believes firmly in Anita even when the circumstantial evidence against her seems overwhelming and a stiletto—such as might have caused the fatal wound—is discovered secreted in her chair. Then Fleming Stone, the detective, is called in, together with "Fibsy," Terence McGuire, his inimitable and youthful apprentice.

Anita closes one door of escape which is opened for her. Maurice Trask, a shyster lawyer from St. Louis, who is believed to be Dr. Waring's heir, offers to clear her if she will become his wife, but there is Gordon Lockwood, the secretary, to be thought of and Anita refuses to consider the proposal. It is "Fibsey" who finally reaches a solution of the mystery after it seems that the circumstances connected with the doctor's death cannot be explained. A Latin volume of Martial's is found open on the table at which the doctor sat when he died and it is through this book that the secret is at length revealed. A love story is incidental to the development of the tale. The picture of a New England college town and its inhabitants is good.

I HAVE ONLY MYSELF TO BLAME. By Elizabeth Bibesco. George H. Doran Company.

THE Princess Bibesco's little book of little stories, treating of little emotions and little ideas, won a very apt title from the heading of the first of the handful of modish arrangements of words; probably she is not so much to blame, after all, since no great

Carolyn Wells.

harm is done by these flittering little dry points. The art is all right enough, though its very temerity seems to fit the sketches, which, of course, are quite as insignificant as they are imponderable. The only wonder is that the author troubled to do them at all. It is true enough that she has only herself to blame.